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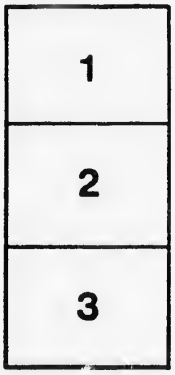

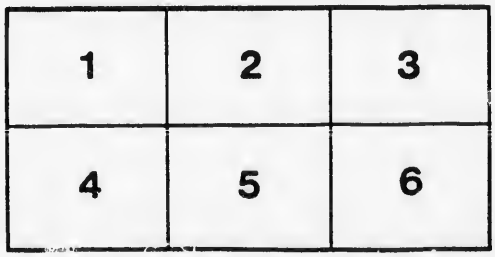

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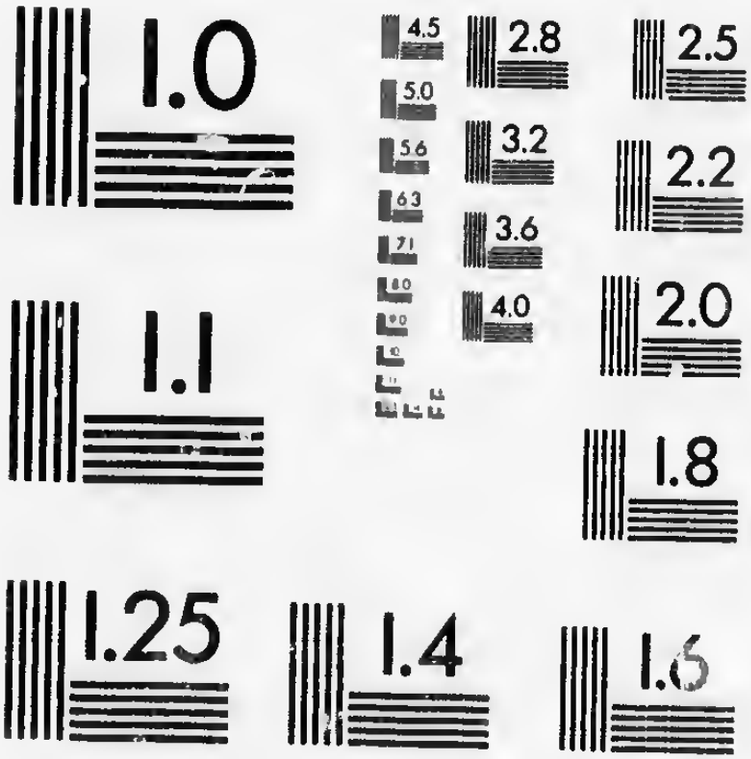

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REVELATIONS

COMIC and TRAGIC

—BY—

Mrs. E. Watkins Irwin,

AUTHOR OF

Purgatory and Paradise

1895.
WIARTON, ONT.
CANADA.

NOTICE.

The author of this work is engaged on a historical novel to be entitled "Erin Go Bragh." It will run on the line of analogy and evolution. England—the Lion, will figure as the hero, and Ireland—the Ass, as the heroine. English and Irish peculiarities to date, will be characteristically and comically shown.

PREFACE.

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In presenting this little book to the public, the contents of which may be to some as bitter as gall, while to others it will be as sweet as honey, we make no apology for the facts given in this little volume.

As a rule, tourists only relate such things as belong to the sunny side of life. Such pictures are untrue to nature.

Herod and Nero showed more mercy in slaughtering the innocents, than do some of the landlords of Ireland, in permitting to exist the state of utter misery and slavery in which thousands of our fellow creatures are doomed to live.

Our object is not to make sport for fools; rather do we hope to induce Christian philanthropists to visit Ireland, and relieve, if possible, the imprisoned spirits who are now, we trust, in the worst hell they will ever experience.

In regard to Reincarnation we claim no originality. God's spirit made it plain to the heathen, long ago—though they see through the glass darkly. In these latter days the vision is being made plain to those who search the Scriptures and think for themselves as responsible immortals.

We deny the ascent of ALL our race from frog-spawn; but believe in the possibility of devolving into the lowest forms of animal life, both by the law of devolution and of reincarnation.

E. W. I.

THE BATTLE OF ARMAGEDDON

Now going on in Ireland.

Our Experience in the War.

Half a league, half a league,
  Half a league onward,
Into the bowels of Ireland
  Went your humble servant.
Forward, with lightsome heart,
Into the valley of Patrick-street—
Into the mouth of hell
  Went an inquisitive woman.

Shops to right, shops to left,
Shops in front, shops in rear—
Everything old and new sold here,
  Thundered the auctioneers;
Stormed by lice and fleas,
Boldly we faced the foe,
In dismal Patrick-street,
  Noble six hundred and more.

Half a league, half a league,
  Half a league onward,
Thundered the train down to sweet Tipperary
Into the charming Kings County,
In sight of the mountains of Wicklow,
  Half a mile, half a mile onward.

When shall we get there?
Said an impatient woman—
All the people wondered
  As the procession entered.
Some retreated, more advanced—
  The noble six hundred and more.

The cabin homes of Ireland,
How desolate they stand,
Amid their gaunt and cheerless poverty
  O'er all that pleasant land;
Pigs to right of them,
Pigs to left of them,
Pigs in front of them,
Grunted and snorted!
  Noble six hundred and more.

The "Lordly" homes of Ireland,
How gloomy, dark and dismal,
Old towers and granite walls.
Trees to right of them,
Trees to left of them,
Trees in front of them,
Bound to keep the sun out;
Nobly they do it and well.

Into those cabins bleak and bare,
Into those gloomy manshions,
Went your humble servant.
Flashed the eyes of the vermin,
Flash as they turned on me;
Plunged in the battle we fought,
Gallant "grays" and bouncing "blacks!"
Noble six hundred and more.

Came not down the wolf on the fold,
As in the glorious days of old;
Down on the wolf came the fold—
Down on your humble servant.
Gallant "grays" and bouncing "blacks"
Reeled from my arm's stroke—
Antedeluvians and Egyptians,
Through the ranks they broke.
Maimed and wounded back they crawled;
But not the six hundred.

Stormed by my tongue,
Which thundered and vowed
While many a hero fell,
Chased by my fire of hell.
When will their glory fade?
Oh! the attack they made;
Naught escaped them save
My skeleton soul and skin.
Honor the gallant "grays,"
Honor the bouncing "blacks,"
Noble Irish vermin.

MRS. E. W. IRWIN

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CHAPTER I.

The Irish are loving and hospitable to a fault; not only the people, but also the beasts, the fowl and the vermin. We can truly say we received a hundred thousand welcomes from the gallant gray-backs and the black jumpers! these are they who now hold sway in all the cabin homes of Ireland; these are the countless multitude whom no man can number; these are the tribes who have fallen from grace; these are the rebellious ones which heed neither the Pope's anathema nor the Cannon's prayers; even though the heavens should weep and the earth refuse to yield her increase, these indefatigable and pugnacious home rulers assert their authority. Men may come and men may go, but as for these vermin, they go on their way rejoicing. Gladstone may deliver his masterly orations and wear out his gigantic intellect enacting home rule measures, but as long as these tyrants hold the fort the Anglo-Saxon race may hang their harps on the willows and weep by the waters of Erin.

We are told in an old book that even God himself scarcely subdue or bring into subjection the will power of old Pharo and his host. There is in human nature that fatal power which we call free will, and if used aright, according to the law of evolution and progress we ascend in the scale of Divine attributes. If on the contrary, like the Antedeluvians and the Egyptians, who persistently disobeyed and rebelled against God's law--(people rebel and do what is wicked) then the decree is DEVolution.

The Scripture says that those who believe in God never die, and the evil spirits in olden times acknowledged Jesus and trembled at his word.

It's a disputed question, whether the EGO in man can ever become extinct; if not, the souls of all the tribes who have "shaken off their mortal coil," must still be on the war-path in some shape or form.

In Scripture no law is set forth more plainly than the law of reincarnation; the law of evolution and also that of devolution is plainly demonstrated in God's word. We shall discuss this more freely in a future pamphlet. At present our object is to show who are now the spirits which hold in bondage the poor slaves of Ireland. According to Scripture teaching, they are the Egyptians, who are still persecuting the children of Israel.

CHAPTER II.

Soon after arriving in the famous city of Dublin we visited all classes of people—from the Lord Mayor down to the poor of Patrick street and the river slums—and for the sake of our relatives and friends further south, we must say, our first meeting with the "gray-backs" was in the old historic city of Dublin. Whether we got them in His Lordship's residence—at Lady Aberdeen's meeting, or in the stylish city churches, in Dublin Castle, Trinity College, the four Courts, the old House of Parliament, from some old musty mummy in the museum, or from the poor of Patrick street, we know not, but this we do know: we have been bitten by dogs, stung by wasps, bled by Canadian mosquitoes, blistered by French flies, scratched by a wild-cat and stung by bees—kissed by greenhorns of boys when in the ecstasy of love's young dream—but of all the various kinds of creatures for expressing affection, commend us to an Anglo-Irish-Egyptian LOUSE!

The Celtic race are naturally inclined to be superstitious, and though education and evolution has done much to eliminate the darkness, yet there is in the Irish nature that love for the old and the ancient which is as hard to remove as it was to convince old Pharo and his people to give the Hebrews justice. This is especially noticeable in the way they cling to old relics Give some of them—an old castle, an old bed and an

old blanket, an old teapot, an old skillet and a few old portraits of their noble ancestors—and they are as happy as any king on his throne. They tell you with pride they have descended from Desmond, Brien Boreu, or came down in a direct line from some of the famous kings, and in fact so low have some of them descended that they have not enough ambition to arise and slay the lice and the fleas which have sucked the life-blood from this once noble and ambitious race. Our experience with these degenerate tribes was so unique and novel that we will tell it for the benefit of those who may desire to explore the heart of ould Ireland and seek to find out for themselves whether the Irish are ready for home rule or not.

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CHAPTER III.

Our friends in the Kings County gave us a right royal welcome, and came to meet us with a cavalcade almost as interesting as that of the Queen of Sheba when she came to visit King Solomon. In this case it consisted of a jaunting car somewhat dilapidated, and behind it was another kind of car propelled by an ass; whether animated by the spirit of Balam's ass or some other ass, we know not, but she seemed an exceedingly wise and good ass, for our trunk was in danger of falling off the little old car, but so wise was this beast she moved along slowly and even stood still several times to give the driver a chance to adjust the trunk lest it might fall and the contents be strewed around like the bowels of Jehoram, the wicked king. The rear guard consisted of a man on horseback, who sometimes rode ahead to encourage the horse that drew the jaunting car, and also to set a good example to the poor old ass that was laboring hard to land our Canadian baggage in the friendly hall to which we were invited. On our arrival we were welcomed by all the family, consisting of father, mother, and several fine boys and girls, together with a monster of a big pig which sat near the front door and was too fat to rise; however, she grunted her welcome, looking the picture of good nature and contentment. A good meal was soon spread in the best room and we were told that we could sleep alone and nothing would disturb or annoy us till morning.

Oh! how thankful we felt as we lay down that night, expecting to rest our weary body, after travelling all day, but alas! the gallant "grays" we brought from Dublin were joined by reinforcements in the Kings County and like Wellington, after being joined by Blucher's forces—the battle soon began in real earnest! They first held a diagnosis on my body and evidently decided that I needed a thorough course of treatment. The physicians of the tribe bled me, while the musicians sang a song to soothe my nerves; the engineers bored holes in various parts of my breast and back to see if my lungs were sound! They blistered me scores of times—and the leeches of the tribe stuck to me through all the ups and downs of travel! No doctor ever showed more solicitude for a patient—no sister of charity ever watched over a sick fellow creature with more true devotion; no mother's love ever promted to more self-sacrificing efforts than these Irish vermin displayed in seeking to restore my earthly temple to its former strength and freedom from all germs of disease. They were evidently delighted to see me in Ireland once more after an absence of forty years, spent in the beautiful wilderness of Canada—and did their utmost to prove that they are animated by the spirits of the old Egyptians—and that they still retain the knowledge of the arts and sciences for which that people are justly celebrated. They even went so far as to build a minature pyramid on my head—and during its erection, my skull became so tender that no comb, coarse or fine, dare touch the sacred work-shop of those wise physicians—however

when they had thoroughly doctored me, from the top of my head to the soles of my feet, and seen that my health was perfect—they decided to remain and feast on the pure blood and tender flesh of the poor wanderer in a weary land.

But notwithstanding all they had done for me, I hated them with an intense hatred, and like Moses, I slew not only one Egyptian, but legions of them; and, like the Israelites when in Egypt—the more I persecuted them the more they multiplied.

With a love surpassing that of St. Paul's friends, they came on board the Allen line steamer—and I trembled lest the Company might discover that I was smuggling beneath the folds of my travelling costume, a host of companions—who clung to me with a love surpassing that of my Irish relations—for though I was treated in the most hospitable and generous manner, yet, no one offered to accompany me to Canada, save those lice—whose indomitable courage, industry and pluck, should be a source of comfort and encouragement to the Liberals of England and the Reformers of Canada, and also to poor persecuted saints in the church, as well as to the sinners outside.

No Doctors of Divinity, whether "Wild" or "tame"—no theologians, whether English, French or German,—can equal those Irish lice!—they speak with mute and sublime eloquence and say: "Behold the return of the Lost Tribes!"—They are "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord"—they rest neither day nor

night, but like the Angels, are constantly doing God's will and seeking to set before the present generation an example of faith and good works. Columbus never tried harder to discover our western hemisphere than did those gray navigators seek to establish a colony on the shores of Colpoys Bay. But,—like the savage Chinese—I butchered them by the score, and doubtless frightened away battallions on the march—litterally fulfilling Scripture: "One shall chase a thousand and two put ten-thousand to flight." They evidently liked the appearance of my Canadian home and were determined to stay as my guests.

CHAPTER IV.

But some of my friends hearing that I had imported Irish "gray-backs," avoided me as if I had the plague, and for a while it looked as if it would be my duty to cry, as did the lepers of old—"Unclean! Unclean!! However, I made supplication to my God to deliver me from them, and it was suggested to my mind to treat them to a dose of literal "hell-fire!"—so procuring a quantity of brimstone, I put all my infected garments into a small apartment and heated the furnace seven-fold hotter than it was wont to be. Then,—like old Nebuchadnezzar, I withdrew to await developments. And lo! when I returned—the Egyptians had fled! So bracing and invigorating is the air of Canada that they had actually got to be as large as ordinary bed-bugs.

Though departed, they have left me as a souvenir of their visit—the best of physical health. Never shall I forget the benefits received from the efforts of those noble and magnificent "gray-backs;" and I trust the legions of them that I liberated from bondage, are now the spirits animating some more noble creatures, and that e're long these once rebellious but now repentant tribes, will regain their lost manhood, and submit to Him who is the Supreme Architect of the Universe: " * * * " whose works are truth and His ways judgment, and those that walk in pride He is able to abase.—Dan. iv. 37.

CHAPTER V.

In giving our experience with the Irish vermin, we resent any insinuation from outsiders that the Irish race are naturally unclean or indigent. On the contrary, we believe there is no nation on earth who, if left to their own free will, and given the liberty to use their own brains and wit, that would more rapidly evolve and reach perfection as a nation.

In the line of analogy, Ireland resembles an ass! Nor is this used as a term of reproach, for, in Scripture, that is the only quadruped we read of to whom was given the power of speech, in order to advise a foolish prophet. When "Erin go Bragh" bowed her beautiful head to receive a foreign yoke and became a servant to licentious foreigners, she lost her rarest gem—the precious pearl of liberty. Had Irishmen reserved the God-given right to think for themselves and not depend upon Italian statesmen to rule their consciences, they might now be leading in the van of nations, instead of being the laughing-stock and curiosity-shop of the world.

Philosophic Germans laugh and grow fat, while they sip lager-beer and live on "good cheer," produced in old "fader land."

The French live in sunshine and gardens sublime, and rest in their villas and cottages neat, while the working classes meet on the boulevards, drink Burgundy wine, and tell of the days gone by, when the rack and the gibbet was the poor mans' treat, and the blood of the martys ran silent and deep.

The serfs of old Russia are shaking the throne, and the Czar lives in terror lest his head may fall down.

Old England, with lion-like courage and skill, has shuffled her cards with a resolute will; her commoners rule the noble old fools who sit and dote and long for the boatman to row them o'er the Jordan ferry; guided by the Board above, the British ship of state is safe: her strength is not in men of war, nor yet in Greenwich guns—an open Bible is her chart; and aided by Scottish martyrs' sons, and cheered along by Wales' palatine clans, and her enimies slaughtered by Irish hands; Great Britain's ark will reach the mark, buoyed o'er life's tempestuous sea by Him who said "The truth shall make you free."

And even young Canada, green as she is, refuses to bow to satan's yoke, and asserts her right to rule her school and teach her children how to think.

But alas! alas! my own native land!—the oasis of earth and the pearl of the sea. "Erin go Bragh," when a silly young ass, went out for a walk, and was snared by the dragon before she could talk; and with Scott we can say: "Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day that cost thy life, our gallant Gray." Now partially blind, and bereft of her children, the ass sits and weeps, surrounded by ocean. One lobe of her brain is still in commotion, and shouts for "Home Rule through the Freeman's Journal.

CHAPTER VI.

The Irish are waking up, and the sound of industry is heard in the land. Surpassing in beauty the gobelins of France, are the famed Irish poplins, manufactured by Atkinsons, Switzers, and Pims. No nation on earth can compete with their lace, and in Dublin, the priests and the people look as noble as Gods.

The Pope, with commendable wisdom and charity, has intimated his intention of giving his clergy permission to marry. Long live the Pope!—and may he yet visit Ireland and pronounce the benediction on the union of the churches!—Then will the heart of old Erin rejoice, and love be without dissimulation—priests and nuns may wed if they will! The prophecy will be fulfilled—"the lions and the lambs will lie down together," and little children will bless the day when His Holiness rolled the celibate stone away! Oh! shall the temple stones be polished, when the architect returns? Shall the sisters all be watching for the great triumphant march—when the Master Mason comes, surrounded by the heavenly host, to place the golden sheaves of manhood round the sparkling female diamonds? Will redemption be complete, when the armies all shall meet to tell the wondrous story of how we fought earth's battle, the sieges and the conflicts, the flags of truce with satan—the sweeting brows and the strength of supplicating angels? Eternitie's cycles will widen and spread, and our minds shall evolve like the sun in the heavens; the prospect before us is glorious and grand, then why should we mourn on this beautiful strand, when Life's to a crown in God's beautiful land?

CHAPTER VII.

Ye Gods! could I but paint the scenes in an Irish cabin home! One of the most original characters I met in Ireland was Mrs. Rigney, or "Old Betty," as she is called by her neighbors. She lives in the beautiful and notorious Kings County, three miles from the old town of Birr. Her intellect is as keen as Gladstone's, and her face and figure is only excelled by her wisdom and prudence. She is creeping on towards 80 years of age; has never been guilty of learning to read or write. She has kept a post office for 18 or 20 years. In one end of her cabin a home parliament assembles 365 times a year. The members are self-elective, and like the Lords of England, are only deposed by death or revolution; they vary in number from 12 to 20, or thereabouts; they discuss all matters connected with this life, from the fall of a sparrow to the downfall of the British Empire—which they firmly believe is near its end. Old Betty is "speaker" of the house, and when 10 o'clock comes, she puts her veto on the discussion and the honorable members retire to meet again the next night. The postman drops the letters for Betty's neighbors before she leaves her cabin to go to the bog in the morning, and if the fate of the Turkish Empire depended on one of them being read---no mortal could get a letter untill Old Betty went to the bog with her ass and car—sold her turf---bought a bit of 'tay" and sugar, and a bit of bacon---rode home in her creel—attended to the needs of her poor old ass, whose stable is in one end of the cabin, only separated

by a mud wall, for Betty's cabin is no common affair, having once been a store, where Irish "putteen" could be got for the asking, and in our childhood days we have seen that mysterious spirit disappear from Betty's cabin as quick as a streak of lightning—when the guager or the peelers would be seen on the war path! The spirit would sink into the side of the dung hill—or into a hole in the ground!—and after the guager had passed a resurrection would take place; the cup would be handed around and there would be joy and rejoicing in the old cabin home. Pipes and "tobaccy" were also kept on hand, and candles—in case of a funeral. But alas! alas! those good old days have fled, and parliament now meets in the old cabin hall to talk of the days of "Ould Lang Sine," and pray for Home Rule, which would wake the harp once more and bring upon old Erin the dew of her youth.

One night a member arose and said: "Begor it's little we owe England, or Americay aither; whin they want any fitin' done it's us they call on. The devil thank thim if they do give our childer a bit av work—sure, they've taken our very heart's blood, and now the spalpeens and beggars refuse ta give us Home Rule." Up spoke another Hon. M. P., and said: "Right you are, Barney; bedad, we won't kill ourselves workin' till the grand ould man gits the bill passed—and thin wee'l all be gintlemin and ladys!" "Blood and ounds," said a third impatient orator, "Could'nt we help the poor old man? he's nearly wore out wid thim English divils av Lords—God forgive me for callin' thim Lords,

One ventured to suggest that it might hasten on the home rule chariot if they could get the Bill and put it into the last big gattling gun the English made and fire it through the heads of the Lords! One night old Frank (Betty's husband) attempted to renew the fire, but Betty raised her voice, and said: "Dhrop that tongs, ye ould ape! doan't I know whin ta put an a sod av turf." Old Betty's cabin is a shelter for both man and "baste," and also a house of refuge for the weary. Many a good meal I had with her during my visit to Kings County. Old Frank is only the figure-head of the house, and their son "Jamsie," or the "gossoon," (small boy) as he is called, aspires to be speaker of the new parliament, when they get Home Rule. He can read and write and smoke, and he is only 40 years of age! Doubtless there is a brilliant future in store for this lad.

Betty asked me to dine one Sunday, and a good dinner she gave me,—callcannon, bacon and cabbage, bread, butter and goat's milk; and as she sat down she turned her eyes to heaven and said: "Praises be ta God, I niver wanted for a male's vittuls in all me life; the Lord be praised for all His marcies. Oh, bad luck ta thim that thried ta take the bit av land from me; sure, there gone to the devil now, and I am here, glory be ta God! an' I have two acres av land and the ould ass, and the pig, and the goat, and Frank, and Jamsie. Oh, dickens a bit av me is goin' ta ware meself out kapin' a post office—and sorrah a haporth they give me, but a shillin' now an' agin, an' a bit av

spare-ribs at Xmas." Betty is responsible to no Post-master - General; keeps no books, and makes no mistakes. When Parliament assembles, the various M. P's ask for their letters, and Old Betty hauls out from behind a row of plates on the dresser– or out of the old blue jug without handle or spout—or from behind the cracked dish on the upper shelf—one letter after another, and if one has an American post-mark—that one is always suspected of containing a money order, and no one but Betty and the angels know the secret hiding-place she has for money letters. The letters produced and laid on the table, Old Betty stands with arms a-kimbo, and listens to Jamsie or some other learned scribe, read out the names of the fortunate M. P's for whom a letter has arrived, and if all are not called for, Old Betty gives orders to those present to spread the news to the absentees. No dead letters remain at this office, for the news flies as rapidly as ever did the tidings of the approach of an enemy in the days when the firey cross was rushed from valley to hill-top by those whose fate depended on the latest news.. I have no doubt of meeting her in her heavenly mansion, where I hope poor old Frank will get the chance to express an idea, if he has one.

CHAPTER VIII.

There are all kinds of angels in Dublin; but of all the various specimens to be seen, give me the angels dressed in blue—that magnificent, magnanimous, merciful, mighty host—those good looking, grand, gracious, gifted men, called the Metropolitan Police. These are they whom God has called and chosen from the cabin homes of Ireland to spread their arms of kind protection round the strangers and gently guide them through the crowded city streets, and tell them which tram-line to take, and point them to the old cathedral where the dust of Swift or Stella sleeps, and many a Canon, whose dreaded speech caused vassal slaves to cringe and fawn—now lie as low as leaves in autumn. But where, Oh, where is the soul of the Dean? Has he evolved to higher spheres? or was he re-incarnated and doomed to return to earth to atone for loving Stella? Oh, love! thou mysterious tyrant of the soul—no power on earth can rein you in, or say "thus far shalt thou go, and no further." Flags, faded and flimpsy, adorn St. Patrick's Cathedral. Old, moth-eaten and rotten, these hang by the score in that gloomy old church, looking down like stars on the white-robed throng who keep telling the Lord that "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be." But—to return to the "angels"—if you want a friend that sticketh closer than a sister, put yourself under the care of a fine, handsome policeman. These are they who seek the erring ones and try to lead them to the Saviour, and if they kick, and won't be coaxed,

then they lead them to Kilmainham. Oh, these angels, how I love them, one and all. Oft when weary, seeking some old sacred relic—looking for some shrine or castle, oft have they refreshed me by their genial happy smile, and their kindly words of welcome cheered my heart when far from home. You'll know them by the shining buttons on their suits of royal blue. They point like stars in heaven's blue dome, and lead the weary wanderers home; sons of men, yet heirs of God, doing their duty as best they can, tramping through the city's winding ways, as did the lowly Nazarene, seeking whom to save and succor; never taking tips or begging. These alone, of all officials, were the only class we met who seem to have evoluted above that custom which is doing much to prevent tourists from visiting the "Ould Sod." Unlike those of New York, we found the Metropolitan police of Ireland, England and Canada, the embodiment of all the Christian graces, with the addition of being living encyclopedias. God bless the angels dressed in blue.

CHAPTER IX.

We see in a late Dublin paper that a great meeting has been held in Leinster Hall for the purpose of taking steps to allure tourists to Ireland, to see its natural beauty-spots. We heartily endorse the movement, and can say that curiosities, both natural and artificial, are neither few nor far between. A volume more wonderful than the revelations of St. John could be written about Ireland's curiosities. Her cemeteries alone, are worth going from the ends of the earth to see. In England they are turning such old relics into parks; but the Irish are so superstitious that they almost worship the dust of by-gone ages. If history be true, there is scarcely a spot on the Ould Sod that is not made sacred by the dust of her slaughtered children; but why they should venerate one spot more than another is a mystery known only to themselves. It is stated on good authority, that the present generation of Irish are walking on twenty-two feet deep of the dust of their ancestors. In Dublin we ate the most magnificent fruit—almost surpassing that raised in Canada, with the exception of apples. Irish fruit is delicious; the vegetables also are very fine. The serials—good; the meat—tender; and the flowers and trees in the botanical gardens would cause one to think they are in heaven. And why, we ask, are Irish fruit and flowers so rich and good? Simply because they have been raised in the dust of a noble race. We talk of cannibles—the only difference is they prefer to eat their friends in a green and crude state,

while the more civilized nations wait untill their dust is transformed into fruit, vegetables, etc. The central counties of Ireland are not often visited by tourists, mainly because of the lack of good accomodation, and also through fear of coming in contact with the vermin, which cannot be got rid of so long as old thatched cabins are allowed to exist. An inland Irish town or village is enough to shock the nerves of a strong man, much less an invalid. On my first view of a village called Frankford, I stood speechless for several minutes. Old, gaunt, black rafters, roofless and bare; gable-ends of old houses, and myriads of ragged children playing in the streets; no work; no industries, and what little they earn goes to keep them alive and pay the clergy for pointing them to a better land. In the town of Birr is an old grave-yard ennobled by the dust of the ancestors of Lord Ross, and sacred to me by the dust of my grandmother. We visited this forlorn spot and found the rank weeds as high as six or seven feet. Could the noble Lord be induced to give his consent to turn that deserted village into a market garden, we fancy he could increase his annual income by not less than £1,000. For, if the dust of our forefathers can bring forth such magnificent nettles, thistles and briars, what would it do if cultivated? It also contains the ruins of an old church, beautifully wreathed with ivy, the only emblem of life and immortality to be seen there. In speaking of Irish burying grounds we do not mean to ignore the respect shown to the departed. Such semeteries as Glassnevin and Mt. Jerome in Dublin, are a credit to any city; but old, forlorn spots

where there are epitaphs that Old Mortality himself could not decipher, and neither useful nor ornamental, should be utilized for something more profitable. Tourists who visit Ireland should not fail to see the old grave-yard and ivy-crowned abbey of Birr, and also the old castle and burying-ground of Eglish.

What Ireland needs is a powerful emetic to enable the poor old ASS to throw off the dust and dirt of ages! If the Doctors of Divinity in Trinity College, and those of the Royal College of Surgeons would unite their forces and produce a physical and spiritual revolution that will induce people from all parts of the earth to visit Ireland, they would materially help the tourist society. As Palestine is the land of promise to the Jews—so is Ireland the holy land promised to the Gentiles. The roads of Ireland are magnificent, and are doubtless the "highways" we read of in Scripture, cast up for the ransomed saints to ride on! and, when bicycles get cheaper, every man—and woman too—can have their own carriage! We hope to live to see a great conflagration in Ireland, when all the old cabins will be reduced to ashes, and the Atlantic ocean covered with steamers crowded with tourists, going home to see the dear Ould Sod—it having been refined in the fire and come out pure and sparkling, looking like an emerald set in a cluster of pearls—even more beautiful than when first created.

CHAPTER X.

Tourists who wish to visit the old lands will find it to their advantage to go by the Allan Line, via Montreal. The steamers of this line are the finest on the sea, the noble Parisian being the grandest steamer on any line. All classes of passengers are treated courteously and well cared for, by the Messrs Allan's employees. No rudeness, vulgarity or profanity is permitted. We speak from personal experience, and can recommend the steamer Parisian as a floating palace. Flowers, birds and music are there, to cheer the melancholy, amuse the gay and soothe those who are longing for "home, sweet home." No 'hash" adorns the cabin table—that is reserved for the poorer class, who cannot afford to buy false teeth. The food for all classes is varied, abundant, and well cooked. Fruit and delicacies of all kinds are on board, and the only fault we find with the Messrs Allan is, that they supply too much food—or rather that some people are so hoggish they know not when to stop eating—and the overloaded state of their "lower hold," and the rolling up of the "hash," detracts from the comfort and pleasure of those who are less voracious. We sympathize with delicate people whose equilibrium is disturbed by the roll of the ocean waves; but much of the sea-sickness might be dispensed with, and the Doctor not called so often, were people governed by moderation. The waiters and officials on boad the Parisian and Laurentian have our sincere thanks for their kind, gentlemanly and lady-like conduct. We heard some passengers express the wish for more fruit and less meat—more brown bread, and less white.

The scenery in Montreal and Quebec is sublime and cheering; it will repay tourists to spend a week there. The people are extremely courteous and prices are moderate. The sail down the river takes in the old historic city of Quebec, the falls of Montmorency, and the Laurentian mountains. The refreshing sea breeze will do more to restore health to invalids than all the medicine in creation. The sight of whales and icebergs on the route is also a great attraction; but let no one imagine that on going to sea they can escape the horrors of a collection-plate!—we had no less than five collections during a ten day's trip.

CHAPTER XI.

"Not let the pig in, indade? Begor, I think it's very khind av the pig ta let us in, an' only ax the privilege av comin' in ta her mails an' goin' inta the bedroom ta take a peep at herself in tha glass! Blood an' ounds! what's things comin' ta? It's the devil's own pride ye hev in Canada!—Sure, it's tha pig who pays tha rint an' keeps tha roof over tha heads av her murtherers! Ta the dogs wid such stinkin' pride! the Canadians needs takin' down a peg or two!"

This is, in substance, the reply we got from an Irish farmer with whom we tried to reason about giving up the time-honored custom of living on a level with the swine. The Irish are a peculiar race, and only the Deity can understand them. They don't live so much on "stirabout" as they did 40 years ago, and neither do they stir about as much. The custom of aping the life of the gouty rich, is beginning to tell on the working classes; cheap, trashy tea, and hot fresh baked bread, is taking the rose from the cheecks, the light form the eyes, and the elasticity from their limbs. On the little green fields and on the cross roads, where once joyous and light-hearted youths went to dance to the music of the harp or fiddle—no sound is now heard, save that of the heart's deep groan. Poor old men and women trudge along, seeking to earn some money as best they can, to keep the old cabin over their heads. The warbling thrushes have deserted the bushes; the little wrens have left the glens; all nature seems to weep. There broods o'er that

lovely isle a something—I know not what to call it, except it be a lack of liberty, a dread, a fear, a holy horror, a terrified and indefinable subjection—and yet they do not seem to know that they are slaves. In the Kings County we drove through Lord Ross's estate and saw hundreds of hovels scarcely fit to shelter pigs. These stand on the cold moors, and the little holdings are barren and bare, and if an effort is made by the lesees to improve their condition, the rent is raised. There is, in reality a premium on thriftlessness and idleness. And this noble lord draws a revenue of some 18,000 or £20,000 from his Irish estate. We met the poor women as they returned from weeding his crops, weary and draggled, with old shoes tied on their feet by a piece of rope. They had to work hard all day for one shilling, and supply their own food and go home at night to find their old cabins cold and comfortless, while this noble and religious lord and lady travel on the Continent and leave their agent to rack the rent from the poor heart-broken people. However, to Lord Ross's credit and enterprise be it recorded that he owns a saw-mill in Birr, where one man and a "gossoon" obtains constant employment. He is also chairman of the poor-house board of guardians, where the manufacture of illegitimate paupers is encouraged and protected. While in Dublin I was requested by Lady Aberdeen to do what I could in Birr to stimulate industry among the poor; but so rife was sectarian bitterness that I could not procure a hall of any kind in which to speak to the people. I appealed to Lady Ross, and received the following letter:—

LONDON, July 11th, 1894.

Lady Ross presents her compliments to Mrs. Irwin, and regrets that she does not see her way towards starting any further industries in Parsonstown (Birr) at the present time.

Forty years ago Birr, or Parsonstown (so called after the noble family who live in the castle) was a thriving, beautiful town; now it is a wilderness of old houses, without manufactories of any kind, its fine water-power unused, its beautiful surroundings unvisited by tourists—Leap Castle alone being worth crossing the ocean to see—not to mention the great telescope. Birr is now only celebrated for Parson's pride, vain glory and whisky.

We sat beside their old black hobs and saw the aged men and women weep. The tears coursed down their furrowed cheeks as they sat in rags and dirt, and sighed while they told how they worked from early morn to close of day to get the cruel landlord's rent. No words of hatred, or threats of vengence escaped from their lips; but like a drowning man, they catch at the straw of Home Rule. They see, like the traveller in a desert land, that beautiful mirage before their bewitched eyes, and Home Rule is the phantom they chase. Even the old cobwebs on the walls hang at half-mast, as if to weep for the woes of Erin.

CHAPTER XII.

The famous town of Banaher is situated on the majestic river Shannon. Here is a grand bridge, noble stone piers, and a granite dock; but not even an old flat boat did we see on the noble river. The town looked the picture of desolation, and we saw no sign of industry, save a man driving through the street a load of empty beer kegs. I asked a merchant what was their principal business, and he looked somewhat puzzled, but finally he said: "We are all awful religious and believe in going to church." "Well," said I, "If you can live on that, you have reached a higher state of spiritual evolution than even the holiness people of Canada, for they consume considerable material food." "Oh," said he, "We pray a lot, and God sends us all we want to eat, and we don't bother ourselves about anything—but times will be better when we get Home Rule." What Ireland needs, and Canada also, is HOME INDUSTRIES and the utilization of their resources. They both possess material wealth, but the devil holds a mortgage on the ground and he hires monopolists to hoard up the money! Verily, he is the prince of speculators—but our commonwealth will soon subdue him. Ireland is unsurpassed for beauty, brains and brilliancy; but alas! she is the victim of sorcerers and her commonwealth is devoured by home rulers of every shape and form, from noble Harrington and eloquent Blake to the four-legged swine, and the myriads of smaller parasites that infest that lovely isle. We asked an intelligent man what

Blake was doing with all the money he had pocketed from his dupes in Canada and the United States.—"Oh, begor," said this Dublin philosopher, "he's goin' about givin' shampane suppers, an' livin' on the fat av the land—an' shoutin' Home Rule 'onc't in a while.' If Blake would spend his time trying to further Irish industries, like Lady Aberdeen, he could immortalize his name and be a benefactor to his race. We visited some parts of Ireland where, if Christ were to return and be denied recognition, there would not be a cock or a hen to announce the fact—so utterly prostrated are Irish industries. During a visit of several months in the interior we did not hear of the birth of even one child—so utterly depressed are the people! Taxes for the support of ediots, imbeciles, and the defaced image of God in all forms, such as are now a burden on the governments, might be materially reduced if doctors would start incubating establishments and seek to improve our race and restore the lost image!—evolution in this line would be a boon, and hasten on the millennium.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Irish have a peculiar mode of expressing their love. During the summer of 1894, two gentlemen who had been enemies for some time met, and after a few characteristic remarks they embraced each other—and one man bit off the top of the other man's thumb; they then tore and scratched each other untill both were well bled. For this simple athletic sport they were brought before the Judge, who said: "On account of the fact of both professing to be "gentlemen," and this being the first time they had manifested their love to each other, he would reward the man who had proved to be the best pugilist, by fineing him £5, and the scribe who had proved deficient in the art of self-defence he fined £7—the fines to be equally divided between the Roman Catholic and Protestant parsons, for the poor of the parish." As a means of raising money to support the paupers, they now propose to call out the aristocracy and set them to biting each other, spurred on by the loafers whose interest it would be to beat off the pealers, in case they should be inclined to interfere in so laudable an enterprise. Judge Curran, of Kings County Ireland, owns the patent for this invention.

I was asked by a business woman in an Irish town "If Canada was in New York?" Another said: "You poor crathur, I pity you, havin' ta live in Canada; sure, Mike Fogarty wint there, an' he died—the Lord be praised—an' I hear they can't cry there for fear the tears ad freaze an their face, an' they have ta dhress in skins, like wild bastes—is that thrue, mem?" "Quite true," said I.

CHAPTER XIV.

REINCARNATION.

In regard to future punishment, no sane person will deny the existence of a hell; in fact there are various kinds of hells, and like ladies' bonnets and men's hats, each can have their choice—go to heaven, if they prefer it. All depends on how we act here. Some prefer to be desperately wicked, and doubtless, God sends them down to explore the lower regions and have a trial of brimstone. However, God is merciful. After the crucifixion He sent His beloved son to offer repentance to the imprisoned spirits—and Jesus spent three days in hell, seeking to reform the old antedeluvians—and we have no doubt but He brought many to repentance. Occasionally God sends some good faithful priest or minister to hell to offer salvation to the disobedient spirits there; and when the special services are over and God has forgiven the repentant sinners, He then opens the mouth of hell, and lo! there is an earthquake some place—or some burning mountain opens its crater and lets the fiery lava out, and then escapes these prodigals home. There is great joy in heaven, even over one sinner who repents, and none shall be eternally lost, save the sons of perdition, who rebelled against God in heaven. Hell No. 2 is less fiery, but more humiliating—this is Reincarnation. Jesus is our type in all stages. He was first born in heaven, as revealed to St. John; Rev. 12.—Reincarnated through the Virgin Mary. In all things He is our example—but unlike Him we

yield to satan. What more reasonable mode of punishment could God inflict on guilty people than to send their spirits back to animate some lower form of animal life. Good people and children have nothing to fear, for they evolve to higher spheres; irresponsibles, God will take care of. But people who in this life oppress the poor and grind down the needy—think you a just God will let them into heaven without first purging their souls in purgatory, or hell, whichever they deserve? Men who have sought to limit human thought and bound the two-fold burden of church and state and laid it on the backs of the poor—think you they go to heaven without first having the spots and wrinkles, and all such imperfections smoothed out? These are doubtless the two-humped camels who carry their burdens through the burning sands of the desert, and the big elephants are the great Moguls who in a former age oppressed the poor of India. What more just and reasonable compensation could a nation have than England is getting at the present day? In the zoological gardens in London is a big, two-humped camel and also an enormous elephant. One is doubtless animated by the soul of Nena Sahib who has been reincarnated and sent to England to carry the children on his back and attone as best he can for the Cawnpore massachre. The other old stager is possibly the great King of Oude, who levied an oppressive revenue on the English in days of yore, and who has now returned to make restitution by carrying them on his back in a houdah. Verily, they are getting paid four-fold, like Zaccheus paid the Jews.

But let the English people beware lest they also return, to atone to India and other nations for the adulterated liquors they have forced on them in order to gratify their ambition and increase their wealth. Monopolists, both male and female, are now oppressing the poor—but let them have a good time, for in the days to come they will be the horses and the cows, down here, while the poor will be feasted at the king's table above. People who ride to church in their carriages and deny the poor the use of electricity on the Sabbath day, will some day be the horses that draw the plough, while the poor they now oppress will be their judges; for God's Word says "the saints shall judge the earth." Ladies, be kind to your servants, for if not, you may yet be the dogs who lick the plates, while your servants are in heaven rejoicing in their escape from slavery. To the poor of Ireland we say, be patient—the asses you now drive were once cruel landlords, and those who now refuse to give you Home Rule will, in the days to come be reincarnated and have fine long ears, and nice hairy coats; and if they need coercion, you can give it them in the form of an Irish blackthorne on their backs! Oh, methinks I see those cruel Irish landlords, as, with four legs and a solemn face they carry loads of turf to town. Fret not yourselves because of evil doers, ye poor of Canada. Those M. P's who now oppress the people will yet be sent back, and be the bears and the lions for our huntsmen to shoot! while the poor farmers are the aristocracy of heaven. Be kind to all; your cat may be Queen Mary, while your bull-dog may be Napoleon Bonaparte, or the Russian Czar.

CHAPTER XV.

NOTES ON TRAVELLING.

Some people are like elephants—they go on a tour with an enormous trunk, a well-filled purse and a meagre intellect. They return with an enormous experience, an empty purse, but minus the trunk. In the old lands they look upon American and Canadian tourists as birds of paradise covered with gold and silver feathers, and they feel in duty bound to pluck them. There is no system of checking baggage. People are supposed to have their brains with them. The name of your destination is pasted on your trunk and when the train stops, out it goes. The best thing to do is to sit on it untill relieved by some friend or cabman; or you may have to apply to the lost baggage agency. Heed not the hints of polite waiters, whether on land or sea. Even though you know they are underpaid by the rich companies who prefer to pauperise the working class and throw them back on tourists for "tips." Travelling in the Old Land would be a joy were it not for the organized system of "grabbing" practiced on travellers. Verily, they take us all to be "greenhorns." Be not allured into stylish hotels or fancy-price restaurants, unless you have a well-filled purse and have evolved into that heavenly state which can thrive on the aroma of lilies and grow fat on fruit. Shining glass and silver—good healthy food nicely served, can be had at plain hotels and restaurants. Tourists need to gaurd against the onslaughts of old retainers, who clamor for gifts

on the strength of having been at your grandfather's wake, or some other service done your noble ancestry. Remember if you are without funds in the Old Country you will wish that a whale had swallowed you and sank to the bottom of the Atlantic. Like St. Paul, I went to England breathing out threatnings and slaughter against the people who had oppressed my countrymen; but like Paul, they have "got converted"—(all but the Lords) and are now the princes of hospitality and Christian charity. When in old country museums and national galleries, don't stand gazing at the nude statues—crude productions of past ages—whose only use is to stimulate lust. The English are getting their reward, having, as reported in the papers, sixty-thousand immoral houses in old London! The slaughter of the innocents is still going on!

The people of Dublin are famed for beauty, morality, intellectuality and temperance, and the fact that Guinnesse's stout is now drank by nearly everybody there, accounts for the fact that Dublin people are getting animated by a spirit of ambition and enterprise. During our stay of several months in that city, I did not see half a dozen drunken men. Had our people more such stout and less chemical poisons to drink, there would be no need of temperance societies. There is much need at the present time of societies to put a stop to the importation and adulteration of cheap, trashy tea, that is allowed by competent judges to be doing as much, if not more to destroy our people, than the much abused liquor traffic

The teachings of Jesus and His apostles approve the drinking of good wine; and yet how loath some people are to obey or follow His precepts. He forbade the eating of swine, that was only considered a fit receptacle for devils. Yet, how fond some people are of a pork rasher? Well, they get their reward by having a "rash." Eruptions of the skin are doubtless nature's effort to throw off the filth taken in by eating unclean animal food, and Canadians as well as the Irish might improve on this line. Were Parnell permitted to return to Ireland we doubt not but that he would use all the funds at his disposal to purchase brimstone with which to destroy the old cabins and castles in which our noble ancestors lived and died—thousands more of which should have been burned in the days of Cromwell. One significant fact must be mentioned in regard to Dublin—we looked in vain for a Canadian newspaper, and were told by a prominent Sackville-street merchant that they had no use for such things. After going to fourteen news' shops and not finding one, we concluded that all the Irish want is our money, and that they don't care if Old Nick had our souls, so long as they can get the cash. We trust the efforts of the tourist society will bring tens of thousands to Ireland, and also send the landlords to Canada where they may get a lesson on Christian charity.

CHAPTER XVI.

CANADIAN RURAL LOVE.

LOVE is like death; it spares neither the young nor the old. True love is like true religion—of slow and steady growth; like an oak tree, the older it grows the more firmly rooted it becomes. False love is like false conversion—it springs up suddenly and like Jonah's gourd, flourishes for a time, but withers before the first blast of adversity. Love is a contageous disease—like the smallpox, it often leaves its victim marked. There is nothing into which people rush so blindly and thoughtlessly as marriage. They seldom examine the root on which they intend to graft the family tree. Some people are mentally lob-sided through lack of parental balast. We cannot endorse the theory that all our race came up from frog-spawn—though judging from the fondness some people have for croaking and playing leap-frog, we feel bound to give Darwin credit for his industry in establishing the ancestry of those who prefer a tad-pool for a Godfather. Love is a tyrant—and when a Canadian rural youth is first attacked by this monster he acts as if bitten by a rattlesnake and hies off to find an antidote for the poison. This he discovers in the form of a pretty, doll-faced girl, whom we shall call Polly Ann. While his gaze is fixed on this charmer, he feels better, and mentally resolves to get possession of her, if possible. He sets all sorts of traps to catch the pretty bird: and she, the silly fly, is easily lured

in by the awkward spider. Oh, ye men who on the brink of marriage stand, study well the girls who are to be your bosom friends; they are the vines which produce the tender grapes that will adorn heaven or hell. A woman, a magnet or a dragon will prove, to raise or sink a husband. Beware of female serpents—those hissing, kissing, fretting, fawning, namby-pamby creatures—those painted, powdered dolls who, like barber's signs, only lure you in to shave and rasp you; they are the Delilah's that will leave you shorn of your strength and manhood! Girls, study human nature. If a man belongs to the species "hog"—treat him civil, but never marry him; for if you do, a feeder of swine you will be. If the "deer" nature predominates, go for him; if the "lion" is lurking there—patronise and flatter him; but if the "wolf" comes crouching at your feet—use blarney and coax him out—never trust a wolf, though he come as did the devil—a preacher in disguise. If a man has "mulish" qualities—no better husband can be got; but as you value life, don't oppose him. Feed him up—stroke him down—cheer and encourage him. Guide him, if needs be, but never, oh, never get behind a mulish man and try to drive him. Though blind, he'll seek to lead. Be firm, and head him straight; but never let on that you are the leader.

We must now return to Silas and Polly Ann. They come to Wiarton on gala days and walk along the streets, hand-in-hand. Silas takes her into Buckley's fashionable restaurant and treats her to pea-nuts and ice cream. After that they go out for a sail on

the bay, and while there they agree to sail through life together. Oh, ye who contemplate matrimony and are now like boats sailing serenely above the Niagra rapids, heeding not the roar of the thousands who have been wrecked in the whirlpool of marriage, beware, lest you awake from your dream and find yourself anchored in hell and chained to a devil for life!

The parties being congenial and harmonious, marriage is the gate of heaven and God sanctions the union of two hearts that beat as one. Satan has hitherto had too much to do in match-making, but women—if not men—are getting their eyes open.

The parents of Polly Ann come to Wiarton, and going to the store of Messrs Sadleir, Wait & Co., they tell the senior partner that their daughter is about to form an alliance with Silas Cordwood, and ask to see pink cashmere, and satin ribbon to match. Mr. S. thinks he has struck a bonanza, but alas! alas! after making out a bill for 35 or $40, the parents of the bride elect tell him they are fattening the old farrow cow, and when they sell her to Park, Tenderloin & Co., they will come and settle the bill. These sharks next go to the shop of Miss Chapman & Feathergill and get a gem of a hat, promising faithfully to pay for it—when they sell the old gobbler to Cheadle Bro's Encouraged by their success in the dry goods line, after getting a pair of kid boots from Brother Thomas, who like one of old, feels inclined to doubt their word, these parasites, elated by the joy of the credit system, next approach one of our numerous

grocers, and on the strength of a wedding in prospect, run a bill of 10 or $12, promising to pay in firewood—when the sleighing comes. They then conclude to lay in a stock of superior flour, and going to the store of Mr. Fielding, Baker, or Bernie, general merchants, succeed in fleecing one or more of them to the tune of $5. These liberal patrons, fearing Mr. Irwin will feel slighted if not called upon, they proceed to his roller mill, and with faces as brazen and brassy as the old Israelitish serpent, they leave him a token of remembrance in the shape of a "promise to pay." Nor or these the only victims of the notorious credit system, for our country lads and lasses must now begin life at the top of the ladder, and though as poor as Lazarus, they must go on a wedding trip—even if they have to borrow money from some banker at 10 or 12 per cent. In a year or two the sheriff's hammer announces the fact that pride goes before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall. The sweet-toned organ, bought on "tick," and the parlor set, together with poor Polly Ann's sewing machine, are now carted off by the neighbors, who say—"Didn't I tell you so?" Poor Silas, he never could refuse to buy anything offered on tick; even his wedding suit was got on credit, and Chapman & Co., threaten to sue him for the price of that stylish harness of "his'n." Poor Polly Ann, its a rale pity about her, poor gal. "Yes," says another, "and he has mortgaged his farm to Mr. Wichhazel, and God only knows if he will ever be able to redeem it." Such is life. For a while we throw the curtain of charity around Silas and Polly Ann. The next time we see

them Silas is strutting along the streets of Wiarton like an old Grizzly bear, and his poor wife is trying to catch up to him as best she can, with an infant in her arms and two little cubs tugging at her side. Finally she catches up and meekly asks for a couple of dollars to get boots for the boys at Ely's store, where they sell so cheap; but with a growl like that of a bull-dog, he asks her what the duce she done with the three shillings he gave her last Saturday, and after hauling out a shilling from his old breeches pocket, this once love-born swain tells his now forlorn wife that she needn't expect any more money from him till after the fall 'thrashin'. He then struts off like a game rooster and Polly Ann goes to try and sell a few pounds of butter and some eggs. Ye who are led by the God of false and foolish love, beware, lest the fate of Silas and Polly Ann befall you. This is not an overdrawn picture, but one the literal fulfilment of which may be seen any day in a Canadian town or village.

MORAL—A husband, whether old or middle aged, if he has the qualities of the noble "oak"—is a better protector for a woman than a youth with a "basswood" heart, a "pumpkin" head—and all on fire with catfish love.

ADDENDUM.

The heart, the heart, that's truly blest,
Is never all its own,
No ray of glory lights the breast,
That beats for self alone.

* * * * *

Wiarton is a eutopia for all who desire health, wealth, or children. Population, 2,280. Children under 16 years of age, 785. The scenery is magnificent. Fishing, boating and hunting, for pleasure seekers. It has five good hotels, seven churches, five saw mills, and other industries. It has terra-cotta rock in abundance, and (unlike Lady Ross) we are sure there is room for more liberal and progressive speculators and more industries.

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The Elegy on the following page was penned by a resident of Wiarton, in fond remembrance of a departed friend, whose intellectual capacity was far above the average. The Laird, we trust, is now a ing—his intellect expanded, his spirit reincarnated— e reigns above.

ELEGY ON T. D. GALLOWAY

Late Laird o' Keppel.

The Wiarton folk' are droon'd in woe:
Doon ower their cheeks the saut tears flow:
Death e'en has dealt an unco blow,
An' frae us ta'en
A man who never had a foe—
The Laird is gane!

We kent the Laird for mony a year—
His sterlin' worth demands a tear;
Upon this earth he had nae peer:
He stood alane.
We weel may wail beside the bier
O' him that's gane.

When nights got lang and folk got douce,
When Tam came in we soon got crouse,
Baith glee and gladness were let loose,
We were sae fain;
But grief now reigns in ilka hoose
Since Tam is gane.

For Guid sake ne'er let Herman know
That Tam lies cauld an' stiff below,
Poor chiel, he'd nee'r get o'er the blow—
He'd break life's chain,
Or chew for aye the cud of woe
For Tam that's gane.

When he was cuff'd aboot wi' care,
He took a dram—an' whiles took mair;
But never fell frae off the chair
Wi' drunken grane.
Now frae the roots we rive our hair:
Wa's me! he's gane!

The doctors round aboot him press'd—
They laid their ear upon his chest;
They placed their fingers on his wrist
An' juglar vein;
But Tam did never cock his crest,
For he was gane.

The Laird had fauts, but they were sma'—
We trace them a' to Adam's fa'—
We will maintain,
And hope his virtues may sustain
Him, where he's gane.

FINIS.

MRS. E. WATKINS IRWIN.